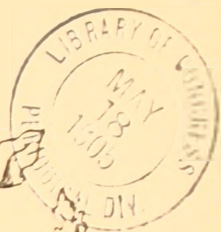


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118 1-2 E. 9th-st., Los Angeles, Cal.

Conable's Path-Finder

A Critical Journal, Devoted to Self-Culture, Literature and Philosophy.

VOLUME IV.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY, 1905.

NUMBER 5

Conable's Path-Finder.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

Published the First of Each Month at

No. 118 1-2 East Ninth St., Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.

By THE PATH-FINDER PUB. CO.

Subscription, \$1 Yearly. Foreign, \$1.25.

Send for Advertising Rates.

Send all money by postoffice, express, registered letter or bank draft. Postage stamps not accepted.

In requesting changes of address, former address must always be given.

By THE EDITOR

Municipal Ownership.

CONSIDERABLE is being said just now on the subject of municipal ownership, brought about largely through the result of the recent city election held in Chicago, where the question of the city of Chicago owning the street railway system was the dominating factor.

The Republicans nominated a man for Mayor who was in favor of municipal ownership of street railways, but felt that the change should come gradually—setting the actual consummation of the proposition at an indefinite period. The Democrats favored an immediate change, and the fight was made on this issue and the Democrats won. The fact that the Democrats won was not strange, since Chicago is normally Democratic by about 10,000 to 20,000 majority. But notwithstanding this, this election has brought the people face to face with the proposition, shall municipalities and States and the Government own and control all commercial interests which most affect the whole people. Chicago is going to give the thing a test and the whole country will watch proceedings with profound interest.

Ordinarily speaking the Path-Finder is in favor of so-called municipal ownership. It believes that this plan will the better serve the people, and the people

the ones who pay the bills and should, therefore, be considered first, last and all the time. So far, so good. Now, the question arises, are the people really going to be benefited by these changes from corporations to municipalities? If the whole system can be divorced entirely from politics, yes. If not—if they are going to constantly figure as factors at every election, then it were a thousand times better that the corporations still continue to handle and control the railroads, express companies and all other modes of transportation. Politics never control the business interests of either corporations or business men of any kind. It is political municipalities that are never conducted on business principles—that rob the people and job the taxpayers.

Political water-works systems, political street car systems, and political public school systems such as have cursed Los Angeles in the recent past, are disgraces that no intelligent community should tolerate. Think of trusting the public schools to a job lot of political bums such as infest every community where any party is long in power. We have heard that many of the teachers in the schools paid a certain percentage of their monthly salaries to either principals or members of the school board in order to hold their positions; that many incompetents were kept in place because they divided up liberally each pay-day with the political pull that insisted on keeping them in lucrative positions. Politics and religion in the public schools are the damning curse of the age.

So it is and ever will be with Government, State and municipal ownership of all interests that affect the people so long as politics dominate the conduct of these interests.

I see that the United States Government has now come into full possession

of the Panama railroad across the 50-mile neck connecting the two great waterways—the Atlantic and the Pacific. Also that the Government has put on a fast line of steamers from New York to Panama, and that on and after July 1st, this year, a line of steamers will ply between San Francisco and Panama; that freight rates by this waterway will be cut in two—the same with passenger rates. If this thing is kept up and the railroad companies do not induce Congress to legislate the Government out of business, this will be a grand thing for both passenger and freight traffic. Slow freight can reach the east at one-half the cost the monopolies are now charging.

These are matters that directly affect the people, and are all right so long as they are conducted in the interest of the people.

In Colorado Springs there is—or was when I lived there—a municipal water works system that was more arbitrary in its conduct, more penurious in its practices and thieving in its charges than any trust or corporation would ever dare to perpetrate on its patrons. A political job lot of highwaymen were always at the head of the institution. So arbitrary were the city ordinances that a man could not dig a well on his own premises without being prosecuted. The charges were exorbitant—fairly beyond the reach of the poor man—yet the political hanger-on rarely ever paid any water rent at all; and then generally the city treasurer would wind up by stealing everything there was in the treasury for the purpose of running through a political campaign. This is not a fairy tale. The court records tell the story better than I can—that is, where there were any prosecutions at all, which was rare.

But all this is no argument against the principle of municipal ownership. The whole matter hinges on keeping these things out of the hands of political highwaymen—out of politics entirely. I don't mean to be understood by this as claiming that all the thieves are in politics. But more of them are in politics than in any other profession in the world. There are greater temptations in politics to be dishonest than in any other profession; and then, again, very few people who wish to live clean, honest lives, will ever make politics a profession. The instances of the honest man in politics are so rare that he becomes a curiosity to God.

But all these things will work out amicably in good time. None of us will be robbed unless we deserve to be—unless we have robbed some one else in some stage of past unfoldment. We get only our own deserts all along the line.

My aim is, that we—all of us—may so equip ourselves as to deserve nothing but the best under the sun.

California Olive Oil.

ALL PURE olive oil is not good any more than all pure butter is good. Some of the California pure olive oil is as rocky and offensive as some brands of stale butter, though the stale butter may be just as pure and free from adulteration as the finest creamery butter.

There are two principal essentials in the production of good olive oil. When I say good, I mean olive oil that carries with it a wholesome flavor that makes it palatable. Those two essentials are, the variety of the olives used in the manufacture of olive oil and the mechanical process employed in its manufacture. Both have got to be high grade.

We all know that there is a great difference in the various varieties of apples and peaches, etc. No one thinks of comparing, in delicacy of flavor, Wine-sap apples with the Ben Davis. So it is with olives. There are a half dozen different varieties. The manufacturers of olive oil have to know how to discriminate.

Many people who have tried to use California olive oil have been disappointed. This disappointment comes from not having found the brands of olive oil made from the high-grade varieties of olives.

All foreign importations of olive oil are adulterated more or less. All California olive oil put out by reputable companies, is absolutely pure. The grade of oil is what tells the story. It is all pure.

We are not going into a technical analysis of the processes of manufacturing olive oil—where the high grades come from and where the low grades are manufactured. This we leave for others to determine for themselves.

As before stated in these columns, the Path-Finder has made a record of more than twelve hundred non-meat-eating families since the establishment of the publication over three years ago. What is the result of this? It means simply

that the greater portion of these families are introducing the general use of olive oil to take the place of meat. Heretofore, up to a very recent period, the people who used olive oil at all partook of it sparingly. They simply used small amounts in the preparation of salads. The contents of the salad generally covered up the objectionable taste of imported olive oils, and of many of the brands manufactured in this country. The Path-Finder, with the assistance of many other publications throughout the country, has so steadily created a demand for good olive oil that the sales of olive oil have doubled a thousand-fold as compared with the demands even two years ago. Now, instead of using a little oil in salads and for dressings, it is being used in great quantities in the place of table butter, for cooking and in many other ways that were never before heard of. Because of this increased demand for olive oil great factories have been established all along the lower California's Pacific Coast, and in many central portions of the State, and most of the leading manufacturers have been driven to the extremities of ingenuity to discover and put into operation a system that will produce an olive oil that has no competitors in any part of the world. Some of these California manufacturers have succeeded, but not all of them.

For a year, since coming to the Pacific Coast, the editor has been trying to find the best product of olive oil that is made. He has purchased dozens of different brands, in pints, quarts and in gallons. He eats nearly a quarter of a pint of olive oil every day of his life, and he is getting to be a connoisseur on olive oil.

The demands for a palatable, pure olive oil are growing immensely. More people are today studying the laws of hygiene and right living than ever before. The meat-eating race is dying out—simply decaying along with the putrid meat it consumes. Olive oil, fruits, nuts and vegetables are the natural food supply of man. Those of us who still cling to meat are surviving for a limited space only on the purely animal plane. Meat-eating and animalism go hand in hand. They are inseparable.

We are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry asking us where it is possible to obtain pure California olive oil and what brand or brands are the best. In reply to this we can say truthfully that

all reputable manufacturers are putting out pure olive oil, the only difference being in the quality and variety of olives used. Personally we have settled upon one particular brand of olive oil, which is more satisfactory to us than any other brand we have tested.

For some time, owing to the frequent inquiries made of us in regard to olive oil, we have been impressed to enter into some arrangement by which we could supply all our friends with the best grade of California olive oil at the same price, delivered anywhere in the United States or Canada, these goods retail for here in California. An arrangement has now been perfected to this end.

The olive oil put out by this company is the highest priced of any in California, but this does not count when the quality of the goods is considered. No one will pay twenty cents for rancid butter when a high grade can be procured for twenty-five cents. It is the same with olive oil. An inferior brand of olive oil is dear at any price, though it may be pure. It is only fit for external use.

On one of the advertising pages of this magazine will be found an announcement which explains itself. The oil mentioned is being shipped to every portion of the world. The company's works will soon be the largest and most extensive of any plant in the world. Their only aim is to make a better olive oil than any other company in the world. The company owns and controls immense acreages of the finest olive groves in California. Many of the biggest growers of the best olives are stockholders in the company, and these are being added to the company as its business is extended.

There is a great advantage in buying olive oil by the gallon. Where one buys olive oil by the pint or quart it costs about six dollars a gallon for what you would have to pay \$3.75 per gallon for at retail. Of course, one can purchase California olive oil for \$2.50 and \$3.00 a gallon. This same company has an absolutely pure grade that retails for \$2.50, and it is very nice, but when compared with the \$3.75 brand it is like daylight unto darkness, and yet it is as finely flavored as any other brand of oil I have tasted in California, barring the brand we propose to send to Path-Finder readers.

This article is not an advertisement in any sense. It is simply for the purpose

of giving inquiring readers information. We want our readers to know all about olive oil, and to have the best that we use constantly ourselves and can recommend to the limit.

Rockefeller's Gift.

IT SEEMS a pity that John Rockefeller cannot give away his money when he wants to, and in the manner he wishes to, without incurring the critical shafts of a hypocritical clergy.

Mr. Rockefeller announced that he had \$100,000 to spare in the interest of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Straightway some meat-eating clerical juggler objected on the alleged grounds that Mr. Rockefeller's money was unholy and unfit to be used in such a "righteous" cause as Foreign Mission or any other sort of church work; that he had robbed thousands of people of their money, and all sorts of other fool nonsense.

Now, does it not occur to these clerical Miss Nancies that the money John Rockefeller is giving away is not his at all? He is acting simply as a distributing agent. The money he is trying to give away is simply contributed through him by the people. The people pour their money into his coffers for a limited period and trust to him to distribute it equitably. Whoever is entitled to a portion of Rockefeller's accumulations of the peoples' money will get his or her share the moment it is due them, and not before.

The people are endowing the Chicago University, not John Rockefeller. Rockefeller is simply acting as a collecting agent for this institution. So, when this man offers to give a hundred thousand to any other cause, it is the people that are doing it through him as their agent. Rockefeller's powers of attraction are so great that the people hand over their money to him and ask no questions. Some of them kick about it after they give up their money, fearing that they will never get it back, but no one will lose a cent or ever has lost a cent who was entitled to hold it.

Whenever we give up a dollar it is because the other fellow's powers of attraction are stronger than our own. The other fellow is not to blame for this. We ourselves are alone at fault. We have failed to develop ourselves along the lines of positive attraction, hence we are

paupers, or in what is termed moderate circumstances, as the case may be.

The poor man is poor because he is shiftlessly negative in his makeup. Then he goes to work and blames John Rockefeller or Pierpont Morgan, or some one else for all his failures in life.

No capitalist or trust magnate is in possession of a dollar that he has not attracted to himself by the natural laws of attraction.

Most of the human race repels rather than attracts. We are negative instead of positive in our demands upon the universal supply. We want it to come to us without serious effort. We expect to find success lying asleep under our feet and all that is necessary to do is to pick it up and we are millionaires.

John Rockefeller and all other successful financiers are simply loan depositories. They can take nothing away with them when they pass over the Great Divide, and whatever they leave behind is distributed just where the mighty law of attraction directs it. This law is always just and equitable and makes no mistakes.

When a millionaire dies and disposes of his trust funds by will, if this will runs up against the natural workings of the law of attraction, there is always trouble and the will is broken either by legal process or by compromise of the heirs; so the money and entire estate goes just where it should go and nowhere else. If we get none of it there is a natural and valid reason for it—we have not attracted any of it to ourselves. No one but ourselves is to blame for this.

The man who handles a pick for a livelihood, has attracted a pick to himself. The man who owns a dozen continental lines of railroad has attracted these railroads to himself. The one is a negative character and the other a positive character. Both are going through a necessary experience.

Personally speaking, I would not exchange my splendid health for all the railroad bonds in the world; but I am attracting health and growth and unfolding to myself while, perhaps, the other men at the pick and railroad are not. I don't want a cent of the money that either of these men are earning—unless I attract some of it by process of the natural law—and I will get it in no other way.

If the Presbyterian Board of Missions attracts a hundred thousand dollars of

the wealth entrusted to the keeping of John Rockefeller, the board will get it and all the donkeys in the world cannot shut it out.

We wish that every human being understood the law of attraction. If they did all heartaches and disappointments would disappear. We would at least understand that whatever our own lot in life, we alone would be responsible for it and would not try to lay our troubles on the shoulders of others.

But speaking of Foreign Missions, these fellows do not realize what they are doing and what they have been doing. They have succeeded in compelling Japan to put herself on a war footing and they are doing the same with China. When the thing is accomplished, there will be more hell for the alleged Christian church than all its ministers have dreamed of in the past two thousand years.

Here again will the law of attraction get in its deadly work. The Church that crucifies will in turn be crucified. Paste this fact in your hat, you missionary collecting agency. The mountain sides and the valley will be fertilized with the bones of the missionary fakir.

But let the "good" work go on. The waters will be crimsoned with the blood of the meat-eating races.

All of this is in accordance with the inexorable law of evolution, and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions cannot stay the hand of the mighty power it has been arming with the guillotine. Its head is already on the block.

Passing of the Success Circle.

THE funny little Success Circle business is practically a thing of the past. It is probable that more people have given up their good money to come in "touch" with somebody's specific "success circle" than it will be possible to ever compute.

But there is a pathetic side to the "success circle" as well as a humorous side.

Thousands of poor hard-working washer-women and other poor working people have been the principal dupes. They have been led to believe that if they were in touch with the "success vibrations" of some one whose time was mostly occupied in extracting their dollars from the mails, that they would find immediate success and be relieved from the severer burdens of life.

These "success circles" have all been

started by people who had not demonstrated for a moment that they were capable of even bringing success to themselves. The "success circle" was for the purpose of bringing to the inventor that which the washer-women were after, and as the heads of these innocent-looking fakes became successful themselves and took a square look at the fraud end of the thing, they have repented, apparently, and the poor washer-woman is still scrubbing just as hard as ever. If she is not, it is because she herself has attracted better conditions and surroundings, and the "success" circle had nothing to do with it.

It is when we ourselves are incapable of demonstrating success that we put out our shingle as "success" teachers. When we are strong enough to succeed ourselves, then we are ashamed to monkey with such nonsensical nonsense. We become men and women and will not stoop to such fakery and deception.

And then again, there is the funny "affirmation" fakir who is scarcely second in its "pulling" powers to the "success" circle. You are furnished "affirmations" to order, in small quantities or in job lots, to suit the customer. You have a different "affirmation" every hour of the day when you are awake and some to take to bed with you for the utility of the "sub-conscious" self. From the amount of work that is imposed on this sub-conscious self by the affirmation hash factory, it is little wonder that this, not sub-conscious, but conscious self, does not go insane oftener than it does.

There is but one thing to remember for the race in its present state of growth and that is, we are all One with the Infinite. Being One with the Infinite, we are all-powerful. We can create and build just as we desire. If we desire to build a saloon or a church, we can do it. If our desires are inspired by the great Divine Principle within, we can build and create in the likeness and image of the Great Creator. The one creates on the physical plane, while the other creates by the exercise of the God-power, which we all possess.

The building of an imperfect body places a dividing line between the physical and the spiritual self. In other words, it clouds over the spiritual side of us, and prevents a full expression of the Divine, or All Knowledge.

None of us will have to wait long for opulence when we once open the way to

this All Knowledge—the seat of the Creative Energy within us.

We form our own success circles. No one outside ourselves can do this for us.

We must all build positive characters. It is only the negative character that is chasing around to find where it can be faked the most effectively.

So we note with pleasure the passing of the Success Circle and the Affirmation venders. It is a good omen. It is evidence that fewer people are gullible; that more people are understanding their own capabilities.

This is a step up—*up*.

Our April Outing.

OUR APRIL vacation was taken on the beautiful ranch of C. Newton Ross, three miles north of Etiwanda, on the Santa Fe main line East, and distant about 50 miles from Los Angeles.

For nearly six months we had been trying to make good our oft-repeated promise to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ross at their home.

The delicious oranges and raisins and grapefruit repeatedly sent the writer by Mr. Ross supplied the first incentive which led to our visit to Etiwanda; but later, after having the pleasure of meeting both Mr. and Mrs. Ross many times personally, and having come in touch with their soul life, we grew to love them—not for the courtesies of the past, but because of foreseen pleasures in store for the future.

Another inducement that made us anxious to visit Etiwanda was Mr. Ross's promise that we should experience the delight of sleeping out of doors when visiting his home—close within the shadowy foliage of the densely-leaved orange tree, whose sweet-scented blossoms fill one with the thoughts of a thousand wedding bells.

Mr. Ross's ranch consists of forty acres of the most beautiful and superbly kept fruit farms it has ever been our pleasure to visit in Southern California. The acreage is completely surrounded by a hedge of towering cypress trees, the whole divided into ten-acre tracts, the dividing line being marked by the same beautiful evergreen cypress. Each ten-acre square is planted to fruits of various kinds, but principally to oranges, lemons and grapes. Here one sees the largest orange trees in all Southern California, 'tis said, and the quality of fruit is

unsurpassed, even by the famous Indian River oranges of Florida.

Before proceeding to the ranch our party was shown through a large orange and lemon packing house at Etiwanda station, where Mr. Ross and son and daughter had met us with a couple of carriages for conveyance to their home. This was a most interesting sight, as it was our first experience in a fruit-packing establishment.

The Ross ranch displays thriftiness exemplified. Not a weed in sight. Oranges and orange blossoms everywhere. Some of the orange trees have been budded to grapefruit, and it affords a strange sight to see great clusters of grape fruit hanging from the body of an orange tree—side by side with great navel monsters that are more delicious than the "nectar of the gods."

There is one thing that always makes it a dangerous proposition for me to visit an orange orchard. I am immediately seized with an overpowering desire to consume every orange I see on the ground. Of course, there are wagon-loads of them, but they all look so delicious that I stop under the first tree and commence to eat up the oranges—to save them, you know.

I remember my first trip to California some twelve years ago. I debarked from the train at Redlands. The first thing that attracted my attention was a small orange lying on the depot platform. I shied my eyes around to see if any one was looking. I saw the coast was clear, so I picked up the orange and consumed it in less than a minute. I thought it the most delicious orange I had ever tasted, and I commenced to look around for others, but to my disappointment there were no more in sight. Then later, when I went out into the great orchards at Redlands and Riverside, I simply gorged myself with the great luscious navels. Still, whenever I see the tons of oranges that are carted out on the open fields to rot, I watch them as long as they are in sight, all the time thinking what a pity it is that these beautiful creatures should be neglected and wasted.

To me, naval oranges are alive. They contain all the organs of animate sex life. I take them in my hands and hold them and love them. The sweets housed within the golden habitation are a great temptation to me, but could I surround myself with bushels of them and keep

them in their living state indefinitely, there would be even greater pleasure to me in this than when I utilize them as food and drink.

And some people are destroying orange trees and planting tomato vines in their place. Think of it!

But best of all, here is a family that eats no meat and lives in the open air. Two athletic sons and a beautiful womanly daughter assisted in our entertainment. The entire family sleep out of doors—five beds out in the open air—whose occupants drink in consciously and unconsciously, the vital life energy that feeds body and soul alike.

Do we wonder that these people are strong and healthy and filled with the vital energy that brings them into harmonious relations with the great Infinite?

We romped and played and frolicked like children run mad. We raced and jumped and pitched quoits and wound up by eating everything on the premises. At least the friends who accompanied me were guilty of this last unseemly conduct. You see I took along a couple of physical culture chaperones to assist in keeping my equilibrium somewhere on the premises. I never know in advance of an outing just what I am likely to do—after a night spent where the merry, twinkling stars of heaven shie flirting kisses at my lips; where the mocking-bird, hid 'neath the shadowy branches of the blooming cypress, tries in vain to reproduce the audible air-escapes from the throat of a fair damsel sweetly slumbering in an adjoining bunk; where the pale silver light of a full disc'd moon casts a million tints on a cloudless sky just as Morpheus steals dreamily over fast-closing eyelids. You see the moon is feminine and I got badly rattled.

But it was all a feast for body, mind and soul, and I am a foot taller at both ends because of this vacation.

May it happen again and again—and then again.

Grand Opera and Grills.

I took in a night of grand opera recently. The production was "Il Trovatore." It was fine, but I have heard better singing many times in my life. The friends who accompanied me made me resurrect my hotel waiter clothes. Not satisfied with this, I had to purchase a coachman's hat for the occasion. My

first thought was that I would get a letter of introduction from some respectable citizen to a plutocratic coachman and try and borrow his outfit. Then it dawned on me that all the coachman aristocracy of the town would be at the opera; that is, in hailing distance of it; so I invested, well, I will not tell how much, in one of those two-story cadies that you shut up and sit on during the performance. Then when the performance is over the hat opens up automatically, same as a time-lock on a safe door. I felt proud of myself, for I suspicioned that every one around me was wondering whether I was a fancy-tipped waiter in the Angelus Grill or was looking for a job as a medium-weight hearse driver. I might easily have been mistaken for either.

But, speaking of grills, reminds me of a little happenstance that once took place not far distant from the Angelus. I had been out with some friends to a social gath—no, that isn't the word—to a social function. All gatherings now days are functions. Function sounds swell, even if you don't know what it means. Well, I had been out to a function and at the conclusion of the function I was invited down in the basement of a swell hotel, called the grill room. All places here in Los Angeles where you eat and drink till you slop over, are called grills. Basement doesn't sound nice, so you must say the grill room. Well, I was escorted into a grill room. This is a place where you are expected to do something or get out; so I did something. I ordered two glasses of lemonade. When this order was delivered my companion remarked, that waiter will fall dead with such an order as that, but I took my chances. I never knew a waiter to fall dead until his time came; so I was not seriously alarmed; besides, I had never heard of a case where a waiter ever fell dead. I noticed that the waiter was a long time in serving this order. He was attending to more profitable business. We drank our lemonade and I shied a quarter into the waiter's palm. He did not even say thank you; I was too cheap a proposition; but there was nothing else in the shop except music that a sane man would be guilty of putting into his stomach; so with me it was lemonade or nothing. I paid thirty cents for two glasses of lemonade and gave the waiter a quarter for the privilege of allowing me to make the order.

Lemons are five cents a dozen in Los

Angeles, but grill rooms come high.

Here were scores of young girls and young men filling up on wine and champagne; some of them taking their first step downward; others, apparently, having already taken several steps on the road that turns not back for those who, in later years, would retrace their steps were it possible.

Most of these basement grill rooms are gilded hell-holes. The waiters never fall dead in the process of filling orders, but many a young man and young woman falls dead—in the eyes of an uncharitable, unforgiving world—and no tear stains the cheeks of either the leader of the orchestra or those of the landlord who runs these gilded palaces of sin.

Positive Characters.

WE HAVE written a great deal concerning the subject of positive character, and we expect to write a great deal more on the same subject. It is the positive character alone that succeeds in any undertaking in life. We must throw off all negative environments and establish a positive, magnetic presence in its stead. In this way, and in this way alone, do we attract to ourselves the necessities and pleasures of life. Without the necessities of life there can be very little pleasure, and in the absence of pleasure it is impossible to come in touch with the spiritual side of life.

Positive character leads to success. Success is the dominating factor which individualizes us and makes us independent in thought and action. When we are in poverty we are weak and dependent, and the soul is shriveled up.

Of course positive character does not always lead to unfoldment on higher lines, but it is impossible to attain to exalted heights in the absence of positive individualism.

A dear Colorado woman writes us a few things. Note the freedom and independence with which her pen glides over the paper. She *knows* that she is right and that she is doing the right thing, and she is supremely happy in this. She is of a positive temperament. You can see it sticking out in every word she utters. She simply laughs at the negative indifference of others. That is because she is strong, and womanly and has cleaned up her body, that the fullest expression may be given to the very best of everything.

This woman has a right to address

us as Friend. She will stay on our list of dear friends permanently.

We always use the word woman when talking about the gentler sex. The word lady is a misnomer and is meaningless. Next to the word mother, woman is the sweetest in all the world. It means something. Think of saying sales-lady and wash-lady and all such nonsense. Not that these may not be ladies all right—much more so than thousands of those frivolous females we find in society circles. These last are not women; they are simply females. Neither women nor ladies. Just most ordinary females. Give me one *woman* in all her gracious, glorious womanhood, and you can have all the ladies and females in the land. I will not exchange with you.

But this is a slight diversion. Listen to our friend's remarks:

"DEAR FRIEND CONABLE:—Please do not think me presuming in calling you dear friend, for, although I have never met you, I feel that those ideas in the Path-Finder make every thinking individual your friend.

"I must tell you of a conversation which took place between a very dear friend of mine and myself.

"She said 'my dear, if you do not eat more and at regular intervals you will certainly ruin your health, for the road to health is through the stomach and nothing is worse for the stomach than doing without your meals.'

"As if I did not know that the road to health is through the stomach; and knowing this why should I not keep that much-abused organ free from all unnecessary garbage.

"Four years ago I was a scrofulous human wreck.

"My face was a solid mass of pimples, blotches, etc. I not only ate meat, but meat in abundance.

"From bacon to sardines—everything, in short, in the way of carcasses, roasted, boiled, jerked and fried.

"Since then I have quit eating meat, eggs or cheese and I am now well and strong with a fairly good complexion, which I hope, by further effort, to perfect.

"Of course my friend never studied the law of cause and effect.

"The change in my health she attributes entirely to fate, never dreaming that her beloved corpses or their absence had anything to do with the 'miracle.'

"I give her the Path-Finder to read sometimes and she says, 'Oh, I can't spend valuable time on that trash.' Isn't that refreshing?"

"If I have worried you with this letter I will watch for a scolding in the next number of the Path-Finder."

In connection with the above communication the writer asked me to pronounce my name. Here it is: Con-a-ble—perfectly harmless when divided up this way—consisting of seven letters. My middle name is also composed of seven letters. The occult significance of the number seven is, of course, familiar to most every one. It may not necessarily apply to me, but even if it does not, I shall not take the trouble to change my name.

Coming Generations.

THE coming generations of Path-Finder followers are going to be the gods and goddesses of their time. They are going to be powerful in physique, giants in intellect and beautiful in mind and character.

Little children everywhere are being carefully taught how to eat, and how to live, and how to develop. Babies are being created with the same thoughts in the minds of the parents. Who can say that these childrens' children will not be gods and goddesses? Who can say that these children's children's children will not be in closer touch with the Great Master of all Creation, than any other race of people that has heretofore inhabited the earth? This is neither impossible nor improbable.

The following most interesting letter is good for all our subscribers to read:

"PORT ANGELES, Wash., April 11.

"BROTHER CONABLE: I want to do my mite toward keeping the ideas advocated by you before the public, for I, like Stanley La Due, have demonstrated to my own satisfaction the benefit derived from the practice of those ideas.

"The last four numbers of the Path-Finder have brought the same vibrations they did before you moved to Arkansas. For a while I thought you would surely lose your self-poise. I use that word for want of a better.

"Our two baby girls are outward expressions of some of the thought seed you have sown. The older one, which was two years in February, does not care for cooked foods. This is her usual diet: The juice of an orange, with a teaspoon

of olive oil in the morning, with a cup of new milk fresh from the cow. Sometimes she comes in about ten o'clock and wants an apple, or a cracker, as she calls walnuts. I give her three or four of these nuts and a little rice for dinner; and then occasionally graham mush. Most of the time, apples, raisins and walnuts for supper. We have paid sixty-five cents per dozen for oranges for her this winter. She would drink a cup of olive oil if I would give it to her. The only time she ever ate flesh food was in soup at her grandmother's, and that made her deathly sick. She has a tepid bath one night and an olive oil rub the next. Will send you some pictures of these babies soon.

"We are care-takers of the Westphal County Home now and I came here before the baby was two weeks old. The first month I had help. This help cooked altogether with meat, and we almost starved. Have been here since last October, and not a morsel of flesh food has been cooked in the house since I took charge of the cooking. I have only one cooked meal, and that is at twelve noon. Please help me by suggestion to make this regime a permanent one.

"I have what would be considered very unpleasant things to contend with. When I find myself getting to feel that way, I go out with the children and in-breathe air and sunshine for half an hour; then come in and feel like I could carry the world on my shoulders.

"Your article on distilled water is all right. I drink so much water. We have a system of our own here right from a mountain stream. We are only three miles from the Olympic range. My little Aila does not drink much water, but I have always thought it is the way she eats.

"It is now seven years since I made the statement that a time would come when the human family would absorb its sustenance from the atmosphere. People said I was crazy. Am glad I am at last having company.

"Yours for the hastening of that time.

"JESSIE HAYNES."

Swedenborg.

CUR GOOD friend, L. J. Metzgar, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes as follows:

"DEAR CONABLE:—As more students than ever are reading Swedenborg, I, and no doubt many of your readers, would be glad to hear

what you think of Swedenborg and his writings. Will you favor us with at least a short opinion?

"Your Path-Finder is so full of life and vitality that it is bound to prosper.

"May you live forever and a day to teach the sort of spirituality that really nourishes.

"Yours truly,

"L. J. METZGER."

Those who read Swedenborg can never go far astray from the truth. His was a great unfoldment—not impossible with everyone who seeks to unfold on a higher plane. But Swedenborg should have brought his physical body into the same exalted state of development.

Many people form the erroneous opinion that one must sacrifice the physical body in order to attain to the highest spirituality, or spiritual unfoldment. This is a mistake. The body must never be neglected if we would give the fullest expression to the wisdom within.

We may be able to induce the Ego to temporarily leave the body and make a tour of the near-by planetary system. But we should so perfect the physical body as to bring it into such perfect harmony with the Divine life that the Ego will never desire to withdraw from it. This is by no means impossible.

Swedenborg is full of rich entertainment, but if we wish to accomplish what he did we must look for the power to come from the inside; and we must so develop and purify the physical encasement that the Divine Ego within us may give the fullest possible expression to its powers.

Physical man, in touch with Divine Man—the Inner Self—can poke his head through the canopy of heaven and shake hands with St. Peter. And he can come back and tell us all about it should he so desire.

A Frightful Example.

THE country is again witnessing the appalling spectacle of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, armed with rifle, revolver and dirk, accompanied by ferocious dogs, hunting down poor wild beasts, and after cornering them where escape is impossible, shooting them to the death. And he and his party of equally blood-thirsty human vultures, call this sport, and revel in the crimson

gore which stains their hands and blackens their manhood.

A nice example to set before the country's youth, isn't it?

But there is a law which takes proper care of such criminals. It is the inexorable law of Almighty God.

The hot breath of another pack of panting hounds will soon pale the cheek and quiver the flesh of all those who palsy the limbs of God's dumb innocents of the forest.

Keep your eye on the wheels of fate; or rather, the natural law.

Our Raw Food Friends.

A GREAT percentage of Path-Finder subscribers are working away at the uncooked food proposition. This is most gratifying. The sooner and farther we get away from cooked foods the better it is for us—physically, mentally and spiritually. Of course, the change cannot be made precipitately. It must come gradually. One cooked and one uncooked meal a day is preferable at the outset, and for some time to come. The functions of the body do not take kindly, at first, to severe changes, so we must act conservatively at the outset.

One of our subscriber friends writes as follows:

"DEAR MR. CONABLE: I am trying raw foods. Raw bread was a puzzle to me. I sent for a package of Dr. Thomas' Raw Bread. I found it contained too much salt and too much "gilt edge" for my daily use.

"We had for many years been proud of our well-baked bread and well-cooked vegetables. Now we should eat them raw. I think it is all right, but it is hard for us to get out of deep worn ruts. I think I am getting out fairly well, and wish to help other beginners, thereby strengthening myself.

"I find no such recipes in my papers as these, so I give them for what they are worth.

"I use raw rolled wheat. Mix it with a little salt and water, roll and cut into squares. For variety, I soak prunes, figs, dates or raisins—cut them before soaking, if you wish to hasten the process—then mix the rolled wheat, fruit, and water together, roll cut round or square.

"A banana or grated apples mixed with the rolled wheat, make good cakes.

"I use honey as a raw sugar to sweeten the raw bread for a change.

"Sliced apples is a dish fit for *us* gods; apples and oranges sliced and sweetened with honey are also good."

SHORT PATHS.

—A prominent Russian diplomat states that what his country needs at this time is the coming to the fore of an emergency fighter like Grant. Why don't he call on Richard Harding Davis?

—Hundreds of Pacific Coast friends will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post and daughter, Mrs. Ada Powers, are coming to Los Angeles to spend the summer, perhaps the winter; may be longer. June 1st is set for the time. The PATH-FINDER wants to meet these splendid people and advanced thinkers.

—The summer term of Prof. Knox' Mental Science college opens in Seattle, July 1st. Prof. Knox graduates all his pupils in one term, fitting them as teachers, if desired, but always equipping them with the knowledge necessary for successful business or professional careers. We can personally endorse Prof. Knox' work.

—Friends in the city who wish to join the PATH-FINDER physical and spiritual culture class, can now do so on application. The only requirements are the payment of \$1 per month for two lessons a week and the wearing of knee trousers or knickerbockers by both men and women. The lessons are given in the evening. Everything from baby creeping up to jiu-jitsu (jew-jitsu it is pronounced on Jap authority) is taught.

—Here is a want ad. that, were I still spending the greater portion of my time at a double-decked eight-course table, I would place in every daily newspaper in the country. It is this: Wanted—a canned corn factory outfit that is content to simply can the husks and whiskers with the corn and omit to insert the cob in larger sections than will comfortably pass through a coal miner's screen. I know of a million people who would gladly stand the expense of such an advertisement if only satisfactory results could be assured.

—William Walker Atkinson, for many years editor of Sidney Flower's *New Thought*, has moved to California with his family, taking up his temporary residence in Pasadena. Mr. Atkinson will pursue literary work in various forms. The PATH-FINDER is under obligations for several most delightful calls. We regard Mr. Atkinson as one of the very brightest lights in *New Thought* literature. Personally, he is strong, magnetic and the prince of good fellows, besides being a *man*. I like men and good fellows, which are all the same. I don't care for gentlemen.

—From the compliments coming in respecting the merits of the April PATH-FINDER, it

would appear that this issue was not altogether an April-fool number. This is, of course, gratifying to the editor even though all readers are not entirely satisfied. Some say this number is too aggressive; others think it does not hit hard enough. We have just added a pair of boxing-gloves to our editorial repertoire and while this will soon enable us to hit considerably harder, the blows will be cushioned and will, therefore, be less likely to scar. In this way we hope to be able to the more effectively straighten up the spinal curve of both the commercial preacher and doctor.

—The Los Angeles churches are just now indulging in a periodical warfare on saloons. We will wager a ripe Winesap apple against a quart of communion wine, that ninety-nine and three-fourths of these temperance jugglers eat meat. No meat eater has a moral right to set himself up as a temperance advocate. Meat eating makes more drunkards than all the other evil combinations of the age. Stop eating meat, you fellows, and your posterity will never drink whisky, use tobacco or disgrace themselves by the presence of abnormal lust desires. Whisky is a bad thing—nefarious,—but it does not compare with meat as a disorganizer of normal health and moral conditions.

—It is now predicted by experts that alcohol will soon be substituted for electricity as the motive power for operating street railways and for heating purposes. It is claimed that operating expenses can be reduced one-half and that a two-cent car fare will be made possible. The only serious question now standing in the way of the adoption of alcohol is the possibility that the power, at times, might be diverted from its legitimate purposes. I once knew a man who would drain a spirit lamp on every possible occasion, and he wasn't a Democrat either. But we can afford to take some chances. The man who substitutes alcohol for water is in the minority anyway, and the time is near at hand when no man who works for others for a living can drink anything stronger than coffee and hold his job. So the fellow who taps the alcohol tank aboard a "spirit" motor, will not be missed when the devil touches a match to his breath.

A FEW BOOKS.

—"The Living Decalogue," by W. J. Colville (The Austin Publishing Co.) is a series of twelve lectures upon the much discussed subject of the Mosaic commandments. The lectures are good, being a clear, spiritual interpretation of the Law. It contains 135 pages, is bound in linen paper, and sells at 25 cts.

—We wish to acknowledge the receipt of a carefully marked little pamphlet, "Hints on Diet Reform," by M. S. Ayer, from Dr. C. E. Nickols, 19 Cortes St., Boston, Mass. It is in the form of a scientific treatise comparing the food values of meat with those of legumes, nuts, fruits and vegetables from a hygienic and economic standpoint. It contains four tables giving food values and relative prices. The price of the booklet is 15 cts.

—"Lessons in Spiritual Healing," by H. Aylmer Harding (Published by Whitehead Bros., St. John's Sq. and King St., Wolverhampton) consists of eight lessons, as follows: "The Law of Telepathy; The Moulding Power of Ideals; Healing and Vibration; Realization of Power; The Truth Shall Make You Free; The Science of Prayer; Co-operation With Law; The Law of Argument; Affirmations and Auto-Suggestions; Affirmations for the Healing of Disease; Affirmations for Submission to the Will of God; Affirmations for Spiritual Realization; 30 pages, and bound in paper.

—"The Folly of Meat-Eating" (Kosmos Publishing Co., 765 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.) a reply to an editorial of the New York and Chicago Evening American and San Francisco Examiner, by Otto Carque, is very able, logical and convincing. It contains, besides the argument, tables which give the mineral analysis of the different foods. It is indispensable to every student of natural foods that he should have a thorough understanding of what is needed in his body, that he may know how to balance his dietary. It is paper-covered and sells for 10 cts. It may be procured through the Path-Finder Pub. Co.

—J. H. Kellogg, M. D., of Battle Creek fame, sends us "Shall We Slay to Eat?" (Good Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.), and upon reading it, we find it to be a vigorous arraignment of that portion of the human family who believe that they must eat meat to live. The book is logical, scholarly and illustrated. Dr. Kellogg is certainly in a position to speak with authority, and the meat-eaters would do well to read his books—their chances

for their souls would be much enhanced.

—"Diagnosis From the Eye," by Henry Edward Lane, M. D. (Kosmos Publishing Co., 765 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.) should be in every home and should be carefully read and thoughtfully applied. It gives plain directions how to tell diseases from the marks on the iris, cornea and pupil of the eye. It is profusely illustrated, cloth bound and has 156 large pages. It also devotes some space to hydropathy, diet, etc. We can thoroughly recommend this. Can be ordered through The Path-Finder Pub. Co. Price \$2.00.

—"The Power of Self-Formation," by Leroy Berrier (published by Leroy Berrier, Davenport, Iowa) is before us for review. The author gives a "Fore-Word" which is to the point and as follows: "The fundamental propositions of the contents of this booklet, though simple today, have not always been so. In my opinion, they comprise the greatest discoveries of all the ages. What is of more importance to the human race than to know that *we are just what we think*, and that *we can control our thinking*? The truthfulness of these propositions means that self-formation awaits within to be unlocked. The motive that impels me in the production of this booklet is to furnish the *key* that unlocks that power." The chapters are as follows: A Soul to Soul Talk With the Reader; the Mind; Suggestion; The Art of Suggestion. Under the last heading are given the twenty-five suggestions with a full explanation and illustrations of each. The book is strongly bound in paper and sells at 50 cts.; cloth 80 cts. This book may be procured from the Path-Finder Pub. Co.

The Evolution of God.

Number 3.

WORDS are the vehicles by means of which mankind communicate their ideas. The faculty of speech is a gift from God universally bestowed upon the human race, and belongs to the Soul and Spirit as much as to the Intellect.

The first simple words used by men were in reality imitations of sounds heard by them, as produced by animals and natural phenomena. Thus, the peculiar sounds emitted by the goose and the duck became respectively "hiss" and "quack," while the very names themselves of those birds were suggested by the same peculiarity. For the same reason the sharp, snapping voice of the dog was called his "bark," the call of the horse a "neigh" or "whinney," and that of the sheep a "bleat;" while the terrifying cry of the eagle was designated a "scream," and that of the lion was graphically called a "roar."

Again, in pronouncing the word "thun-

der" we actually imitate the vibrant, rolling noise produced through the agency of the lightning during a thunderstorm; the word "storm," in itself, suggesting the sound of the wind when in violent motion. Such has been the origin of numberless thousands of primitive words in all languages.

As classical scholars are aware, the furious tempest which overtook Aeneas, as narrated in *The Aeneid*, the Latin Epic by Virgil, is pictured in such language that, when appropriately recited, the clamor of the shipwrecked sailors, as well as the noise and roar of wind and the waves ("clamorque, stridorque, etc."), are actually reproduced in the words of the poem.

The faculty of language—the power to coin words—so divinely bestowed upon man, has enabled him, throughout all ages, to express all his manifold wants, thoughts, ideas, aspirations, etc. No

sooner does the need of a new word make itself felt than, lo, the Mint called the Intellect, under the direction, unquestionably, of the psychic and spiritual forces, at once produces it, to find currency, it may be, for all time. From this cause more than 2000 words have been added to the Dictionary of the English Language in the department of electricity alone, since Faraday, sixty years ago, or more, first made his elementary discoveries in that—now, amazing—Science. In the light of this startling fact one cannot but wonder whether the limit of *language-making* will ever be reached by the families and races of human beings, dwelling upon this earth.

Words current in a language are not dead, inanimate forms. On the contrary, they are *live things possessed of soul*, as scholars, orators, and poets have always understood and felt. Hence the power with which such men of genius employ words to express their thoughts and emotions. The fact that there is a living soul in words is recognized by all masters of language. In that invaluable and inimicable English classic, *On the Study of Words*, by Archbishop Trench, we find the following notable passages bearing upon and emphasizing this important fact:

(1) "I am persuaded that I have used no exaggeration in saying, that for many a young man his first discovery that words are living powers, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquiring of another sense, or the introduction into a new world."

(2) "What riches, one exclaims, lie hidden in the vulgar tongue of our poorest and most ignorant. What flowers of paradise lie at our feet, with their beauties and their parts undistinguished and undiscerned, from having been daily trodden on."

(3) "And, implying the same truth, a popular American author has elsewhere characterized language as *fossil poetry*. . . . But it may be affirmed of it with exactly the same truth, that it is fossil ethics, or fossil history."

(4) "Many a single word also is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it."

(5) Quoted by Trench from *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*: "Language is often called an instrument of thought, but it is also the nutriment of thought; or rather it is the atmosphere

in which thought lives: a medium essential to the activity of our spiritual powers, although invisible and imperceptible in its operations; and an element modifying, by its qualities and changes the growth and complexion of the faculties which it feeds. In this way, the influence of preceding discoveries upon subsequent ones, of the past upon the present, is most penetrating and universal, although most subtle and difficult to trace. The most familiar words and phrases are connected by imperceptible ties with the reasonings and discoveries of former men and distant times. Their knowledge is an inseparable part of ours; the present generation inherits and uses the scientific wealth of all the past. And this is the fortune, not only of the great and the rich in the intellectual world, of those who have the key to the ancient store-houses, and who have accumulated treasures of their own; but the humblest inquirer, while he puts his reasoning into words, benefits by the labors of the greatest. When he counts his little wealth, he finds he has in his hands coins which bear the image and superscription of ancient and modern intellectual dynasties, and that in virtue of this possession acquisitions are in *his* power, solid knowledge within his reach, which none could ever have attained to, if it were not that the Gold of Truth, once dug out of the mine, circulates more and more widely among mankind."

Students of the English Language, the most glorious instrument of thought that ever the world possessed, will readily recognize the force and beauty, as well as the truthfulness, of these quotations. If anyone would *know* the sciences, he must first of all understand the exact meaning and use of the words more particularly employed by scientists; that is, he must have a clear perception, a true estimate, of the *soul—the living power—*embodied in them. Without this acquisition, as a preliminary, he can never attain to the fullness and exactitude of knowledge which the word Science in itself signifies.

The purpose of this series of articles is not to *argue*, but, if possible, to *teach*. The majority of people habitually use words without having any perception of their true meaning, this being the case even with respect to a large proportion of the simpler elements of speech. Before we proceed further, therefore, we shall endeavor to explain the meaning of

three words, viz., Evolution, Inspiration, and Revelation, which are of extreme importance to our subject because of their intimate relation to each other as terms expressing phases of modern Religious and Scientific Thought. Science, in a general sense, may be defined as the knowledge of the laws of God in Nature, and the application of that knowledge to the use and service of man. But, in a specific sense, it denotes a classified or systematized arrangement of facts or phenomena, as explained by principles which are recognized as "Natural Law," or as "the laws of God in nature" aforesaid.

Just a word here before proceeding further, as the expression of a passing Thought. Everywhere throughout the civilized world, even among those supposedly *educated*, there are men who nurse their ignorance respecting the phenomena of Nature, and are seemingly proud and boastful of the fact, instead of being humble and shame-faced in presence of the truly "divine knowledge" which Science is bringing within reach of all,—of the most lowly as well as the greatest. If such men who are teachers in the Church wore *phylacteries*, after the fashion of the ancient Hebrews, then IGNORAMUS or FANATIC would be writ large across their foreheads, notwithstanding their own vociferous clamor that they are teachers come from God. Is not insight into what is verily and indeed *divine truth* wholly hidden from them? Where there is ignorance, there, also, are darkness, and fear, and superstition, and *un-truth*, all of which it is the province of Science, united with Love, forever to dispel from the lives of men.

If our readers would look into any reliable Dictionary of the English Language, they would find that the primary meaning of "evolve" is to roll out, to unroll, or to unfold,—as you would a web of cloth. But, in the growth of language, it came to have wider and more specific meanings,—to develop, expand, bring to view, etc.; its synonyms, or words of similar meaning, being to grow, develop, progress, ripen, unfold. "Evolution," therefore, its substantive, primarily signifies the act of rolling out, unrolling, or unfolding; or, the state of being evolved, etc. The word, however, has acquired specific or special uses in Biology and Philosophy, as to which "The Century" and "The Standard" dic-

tionaries contain the fullest information, which our readers would do well to study closely.

In his *System of Philosophy*, Herbert Spencer carefully distinguishes between the use of *evolution* and *development*, not making them synonymous. We have not, however, followed his example, but have used *evolution* in its ordinary acceptance, as equivalent to *development* or *unfoldment*, and as indicative of the method or process by which, throughout the ages, we have arrived—slowly and step by step—at our knowledge of God, the Almighty Force, or Energy, or Spirit, pervading the Universe, which is "God's Body," and eternal, like Himself. Our knowledge of God is still developing or evolving, and will continue so to do in proportion as we come to know more and more about Nature and Nature's Laws, the only means by which any true knowledge of God is possible to us. The question asked in the *Book of Job*, "Canst thou by searching find out God," is now being answered in the affirmative.

To "inspire" is, primarily, to draw or take in breath, to inhale. It also signifies to infuse or put breath into. Hence it has acquired such figurative meanings as to infuse or instill into the mind; to communicate to the spirit, as if by a supernatural influence; to disclose preternaturally, etc. "Inspiration" has the various meanings suggested by the verb; but, in relation to Religion, it has come to signify an elevating influence upon the intellect or the emotions, received directly from the Deity; or an extraordinary elevation of the Imagination or of the powers of the Soul from the same source. Specifically, it also designates a supernatural divine influence on the prophets, apostles, or sacred writers of old, by which they were enabled to communicate the divine will and divine truth to men, as well as to foretell future events, etc. It was in this sense that St. Paul wrote to Timothy, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" (I. Tim. iii, 16.)

The Bible—"The Holy Scriptures"—is said to be *inspired*, or to have been produced by *divine inspiration*; while all other writings are *uninspired* or *profane*. In relation to its "sacred writings," two qualities have been universally claimed for them by theologians:—First, that of *plenary inspiration* (*plenary* meaning full, complete, perfect) by virtue of

which the inspired person is incapable of uttering or communicating any *error* with the inspired message; and, secondly, *verbal inspiration*, through which every *word* and expression of the so-called divine message has been directly communicated by the Deity to the person inspired. In this manner has the Bible been claimed to be the very "Word of God," without verbal error or possible mis-statement, even in the *translations* of it,—a very grave, and, seemingly, an absurd and impossible position to assume with regard to any Book or Message received by men. But such has been—and still is—the unreasoning fanaticism of so-called "scholars' and "divines."

To "reveal" is to make known what is behind a *veil* or *curtain*, by lifting it up, or drawing it aside. Hence the word signifies to make known after having been concealed or hidden; to unveil, show, disclose, divulge, communicate, impart, uncover, etc. Specifically, it means to communicate that which could not be known without *divine* or supernatural instruction. Hence "revelation" is the act of revealing, disclosing or discovering to *others* what was before unknown to them; that which is revealed: and, in Theology, (a) the act of

revealing *divine truth*, (b) that which is revealed by God to man.

The origin of this beautiful and expressive word has, possibly, a direct relation to the ancient Tabernacle—as well as to the later Temple—of the Hebrew people. In those sacred structures the "Holy Place" was separated by "a veil of blue and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen" (Exodus xxxvi: 35) from the "Holy of Holies," within which latter, upon the Ark of the Covenant, was the *Shekinah*,—the mysterious light which was the visible presence of God. To *lift the veil*, therefore, and to look into the Holy of Holies, would be equivalent to *seeing God*, a privilege which belonged only to the High Priest, who, once a year, on the solemn Day of Atonement, entered into the dread Presence for the purpose of offering the blood of the sacrifices prescribed for the occasion. It was this "veil of the Temple" that "was rent in twain from the top to the bottom," at the hour of Christ's agony, according to the New Testament narrative, from which event so many lessons have been deduced, supposedly of infinite moment to all mankind. Thus, in the word *revelation* there is enshrined history of a rare and exalted character, as well as poetry and mystery.

Dress Reform for Women.

BY MAUD JOHNSON.

POSSIBLY I can be of some help to my readers this month by giving them some of the results of my own experience. I have been puzzling over dress reform for about fifteen years; changing here and there, remodeling, substituting one thing for another till I now have my clothes somewhere near comfortable, though there is yet room for improvement.

When I was still a school girl in my early teens I thought I could not possibly be a "lady" unless I wore a corset, so I coaxed and begged till I was finally allowed to wear one. My! how big I did feel. It did not matter, of course, that my sister had to leave her work every morning to button my shoes for me. I could not possibly reach my shoes with my new corset on. It does not matter, you know, if women are unfitted for

their duties if only they look stylish. Well, it did not take me very long to decide that being a "lady" wasn't so nice, after all. I laid the corset aside and put on a corset waist, but this did not last long either. Next I invented a little waist of my own. It was what might be called a corset cover with buttons around the waist, to which I buttoned both drawers and skirts. This waist I have used for years, but have become dissatisfied with it lately because it brings too many bands and too much goods around the waist line. I am now working on the union suit idea. One can get the knit suits now with the drawers loose around the knees, which I much prefer. I do not wish anything to fit close to the body. I want every pore in my skin to have a chance to breathe. If it does not jar against one's

sense of modesty too much, one might substitute a chemise for the union suit in extremely hot weather, omitting the drawers altogether. I never wear both the knit and muslin undergarment at the same time, believing that one ought to wear as little clothing as possible.

Perhaps some of you will say, "If you lived in a cold climate like I do you



would not say that." I did live in New York City for two years,—and it gets pretty cold in New York, and this is what I wore on the coldest days when I walked two miles early every morning to town and sometimes back again. I wore simply a sleeveless, low-necked muslin waist, to which was buttoned a pair of muslin drawers; a divided, woolen dress skirt, a woolen blouse waist, cotton stocking, and tennis shoes; and I want to say that I felt warmer dressed like that than I had years previously, when I wore three times as much clothing. Dressed so comfortably and lightly I felt like being active, and that kept me warm. When one has to carry around ten or twelve pounds of useless clothing, one does not feel like taking much exercise. My feet always were warmer walking in tennis shoes than when I wore high leather shoes. In the tennis shoes which were pliable, the feet had a chance to

bend and exercise with each step, which, of course, kept them warm. In a stiff leather shoe the foot has absolutely no chance to move. I do not believe clothing necessary for warmth at all. If the body is in good condition it will take care of itself. Clothing is necessary only because society says it is.

I will have to relate a little story which seems appropriate here. There lives in New York City a doctor who has brains. This doctor is the father of a finely developed, healthy boy. When this boy was still very small, the doctor would take him for a walk in Central Park, barefooted. This ruffled society. The father was severely criticized and rebuked. It was a shame for him to abuse the child like that. Terrible to make him walk out barefooted. He would surely kill him, and so forth. Dear, solicitous, kind-hearted society could stand it no longer. One morning the doctor was stopped in his walk by a sympathetic, motherly, old lady. "Doctor, doctor," she said, "why do you take that child out barefooted?" The doctor looked very wise and leaned over to whisper in her ear as if he had some great secret to tell. "To tell the truth," he said, "he was born that way."

But to come back to the costume we were discussing. Next to the skin is worn the union suit, either muslin or knit. The underskirt, if one must be worn, can be suspended from the shoulders by suspenders such as men wear, that button to the skirt, or each skirt may have suspenders of its own fastened to it permanently. Next wear a dress suspended from the shoulders. A neat fitting Princess or an Empire may be made to look very pretty.

The accompanying cut shows an Empire gown. This is the most comfortable dress I ever had on. I will say right here, however, do not make yourself a dress like that to work in. An Empire gown is beautiful for evening wear, or for lounging, but it will never do for a work dress. In fact, the only dress I have ever found suitable for work days is pants. This Empire is made of brown silk trimmed with brown velvet and a yoke and collar of lace. A large bow of shaded green ribbon where the jacket meets in front gives it a little color. The waist has a very loose lining and to this is fastened a silk drop-skirt so that all the weight hangs from the shoulders. The dress is tacked slightly to the under-

waist at the waist line in the back, but the whole thing is so loose that one scarcely feels it. The girdle should be worn loose and allowed to drop slightly below the waist in front, so as not to mark the waist line too distinctly.

As I said, for work I can think of no dress that would be appropriate, for if a woman must be active she must have absolute freedom and she positively cannot have freedom in a skirt. Fortunately, or unfortunately for my peace of mind since I wore bloomers some ten years ago, when women used them for wheel wear and I have never forgotten how it felt. No woman who has never worn bloomers or knickerbockers has any conception of the bondage she is enduring while wearing skirts. Just think of all that extra weight of cloth and not only the weight but the way skirts dangle and wrap about the legs. I had occasion to walk about a mile in a wind a few days ago, and I want to say that when I got home I was more in favor of reform than ever. In wearing trousers or knickerbockers, the weight is evenly distributed all over the body, and one scarcely feels it at all. Imagine the difference in weight of a pair of knickerbockers and an ordinary dress skirt of the same material. Then add to this the fact that the knickerbockers fit the body and therefore do not hang from any particular part. One cannot imagine the delightful feeling of freedom in wearing such a garment unless one has tried it. Wives and daughters, steal a pair of your husband's or your brother's pants, cut them off at the knee, where they can be fastened with elastic. Wear this garment a day or two while doing your work, and see if you will want to put on your skirts again. I have been wearing knickerbockers around home only a short while, but the difference it has made in my feelings is remarkable. I feel now as though I could hold up my chest, for though the dress supported from the shoulders brings relief to the waist, still it imposes a heavy duty on the shoulders and chest, a duty of which it would be better for us to rid ourselves.

One more word regarding bloomers. One evening about ten years ago, I was riding a tandem with a friend. We were spinning along a country road three miles from home when we punctured a tire. No tools with us, no place to get the wheel fixed. There was nothing to do but to walk home. I enjoyed that

three-mile walk and felt fresh and well after it. Had I had on skirts I would have found the three miles pretty long. I have walked five and ten miles in skirts, but I know I had not got the benefit or pleasure I would have derived from it had I had on bloomers or knickerbockers. If a woman could wear comfortable clothes, she could enjoy her exercise and enjoy her work, with the result that she would build a strong, healthy body. A healthy, robust, vivacious woman in knickerbockers is a much more beautiful being than is a sickly woman in the swellest Parian gown ever made. Develop strong, firm muscles, work for the health that brings rosy cheeks and dancing eyes, let voice and manner bespeak a healthy body, a peaceful mind and a happy, hopeful soul, and you will be beautiful in any garment you choose to wear.

May It Always be Thus.

DEAR FRIEND CONABLE: This is what is called Sunday morning, and I am seated by my easterly window where the glorious California sun is giving to me its health-invigorating rays, while I have been feeding my Soul as well as my body by again reading the best (the last one is always the best) Path-Finder of April 1st. Among its blazures I first notice the editorial, under the heading "Mightily Rattled." How apropos of my thoughts, observations and experiences of late.

Stitt Wilson, with his forceful language, aided by his strong and magnetic earnestness, is undoubtedly endeavoring to elevate and better the human race, but just how successfully he is accomplishing this work is evidenced by some of his pupils of my acquaintance, whose lives and practices are as foreign to Brother Wilson's lessons as darkness is from the bright noonday sun. And so it is with many other so-called luminous lights who think they are giving forth the "real thing." But with all the conglomerate mass of teachers, doctors with their drugs, the preachers with their threadbare theology, with every conceivable ism and cult, and with climatic conditions added thereto, the ills of the human race still go on unconquered.

Brother Conable, methinks that the insane asylum is not so very far distant from many of the so-called New-Thoughters. It is all a mysticism with a very little do-it-ism. The best way

out that I know is to follow the blazures as they are blazed along the way of the True Finder of Paths, which teaches us to look within for the All-Good. Call it God if God is any better than Good. The All-Good is enough for me. It is simple and requires no time in which to define its meaning. As your blazures clearly guide to the path that leads to the inner self, there is little need for looking elsewhere for the Truth.

It would take more space than your beautiful magazine contains for me to express my thoughts after reading the April number. There is more under the heading of "Mightily Rattled" than can be found in all the sermons preached in the last ten years. I mean in teaching the race how to live. The blazures in your magazine will guide up to the path that leads to our within selves where we can find the power to conquer all negative environments. It is free and the only path that leads to eternal life, happiness and health.

Brother Conable, I hope that the small marks I make upon your blazure will assist you in finding this beautiful and only path, which is within.

On the first page I read all under the heading of "The Infamy of Enforced Vaccination." To all of this I have only time to say amen. Hundreds have learned the truth of all you have written upon this most appalling mistake.

The next blazure I notice is "The Outlawed Consumptive." Out of this I have gleaned some information relative to the number of consumptives that there are here. All of which is true and instructive. But I am especially impressed with the paragraph in which you state that if some one does not build a place where the unfortunate consumptive can be cared for, the editor will build a sanitarium himself exclusively for these unfortunates. Go in; I will assist you to my utmost.

Before closing I must notice and refer to the possibilities of the self in the ever-present now, which is so beautifully demonstrated in the letter from Fertile, Minn., and from the "fertile" pen of twenty-one-year-old Stanley La Due, in which he demonstrates the fact that he is a young man of great promise and says: "I was just twenty-one years last June 10th, and just on the threshold of a useful earthly life. I have more to live for now than ever before in this beautiful Universe."

What a beautiful prospect for a happy soul. My young friend, shake. I have had similar experiences. You are twenty-one, with health and happiness and time ahead of you, in which to live in the ever-present Now. I am seventy-five, with health attained, and time ahead of me for a fuller expression of the I Am. We have both demonstrated the truth that we are the better by not eating meat, and indulging in many other things that are detrimental to the human body, as well as to the spirit; and our ambition and desire is to live. Intelligence can and will live. Ignorance can eat meat, gorge, get sick, be miserable and die. Any fool can do that. We take our choice.

Brother Conable, I am ready to go with you in search of Higher Paths and the everlasting Higher Good.

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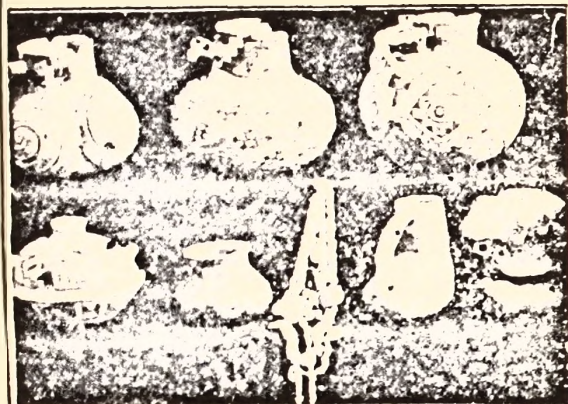
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